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ODES AND OTHER POEMS

THE POEMS OF WILLIAM WATSON.

New Edition, Rearranged by the Author.
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ODES
AND OTHER POEMS

BY
WILLIAM WATSON

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1894

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At windows that from Westminster



William Watson

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.

TO RICHARD HOLT HUTTON

YES, I have had my griefs ; and yet
I think that when I shake off life's annoy,
I shall, in my last hour, forget
All things that were not joy.

Have I not watched the starry throngs
Dance, and the soul of April break in bud ?
Have I not taken Schubert's songs
Into my brain and blood ?

I have seen the morn one laugh of gold ;
I have known a mind that was a match for Fate ;
I have wondered what the heavens can hold
Than simplest love more great.

And not uncrowned with honours ran
My days, and not without a boast shall end !
For I was Shakespeare's countryman ;
And wert not thou my friend ?

TO H. D. TRAILL

TRAILL, at whose board 'tis good to sit,
And take no thought of hours that flit
Fledged with the tongues of bard and wit —
 (Though none, or few,
The latter title may befit
 So well as you) —

'Tis now a twelve-months' space and more
Since feet of mine have sought your door,
There where one fancies London's roar
 Long leagues away,

And Thames an old-time-haunted shore
Keeps to this day.

For I, with course 'twere hard to trace,
Have southward, northward, set my face,
Coy to the vast and vague embrace
Of London's arms,
The siren's all-too-liberal grace
And venal charms.

Daily on matron, man, and maid,
The dome of Wren hath cast its shade,
But I beyond its beck have strayed
By land and sea ;
And you a hundred *mots* have made
Unheard by me !

The loser I. Yet mine some gain
From vagrant hours of sun and rain,
And steps that still by mount or plain
Carried a mind
To one thing constant, as the vane
Is to the wind —

The service of that mistress hard
To whom a fixed and sole regard
Your vowed and dedicated bard
Dares not refuse,
Would he at last the least reward
Win from his Muse.

For still we rhymers, great or small,
Must gather, would we live at all,

Such casual manna as may fall,
 A niggard meed,
On mortals whom the immortals call
 But seldom feed.

And so, perhaps with fond pretence
That to the force of sheer, immense,
Importunate lyric opulence
 Our lays are due,
We publish all our soul for pence —
 Ay me, how few !

Happiest and best of singers he,
Who, in Art's bondage greatly free,
Can harvest, from all things that be,
 Grist for the mill

Whose wheel a copious Castaly
Turns at his will.

Whate'er we know, whate'er we dream,
All things that are, all things that seem,
All that in Nature's Academe
Her graduates learn,
Was Bacon's province, Shakespeare's theme,
Goethe's concern.

The poem, well the poet knows,
In ambush lurks where'er he goes, —
Lips hidden in each wind that blows,
Laughs in each wave,
Sighs from the bosom of the rose,
Wails from the grave.

And Orphic laws of lute and verse
All the symphonious worlds coerce,
That hour by hour their parts rehearse,
 Winds, strings, and reeds,
In this orchestral universe
 The Maestro leads.

But though all life and death and birth,
And all the heaven's enzoning girth,
Earth, and the waters 'neath the earth,
 Are Song's domain,
Nor aught so lowly but is worth
 The loftiest strain, —

'Tis from those moods in which Life stands
With feet earth-planted, yet with hands

Stretched toward visionary lands,

Where vapours lift

A moment, and aërial strands

Gleam through the rift,

The poet wins, in hours benign,

At older than the Delphic shrine,

Those intimations faint and fine,

To which belongs

Whatever character divine

Invest his songs.

And could we live more near allied

To cloud and mountain, wind and tide,

Cast this unmeaning coil aside,

And go forth free,

The World our goal, Desire our guide, —
We then might see

Those master moments grow less rare,
And oftener feel that nameless air
Come rumouring from we know not where;
And touch at whiles
Fantastic shores, the fringes fair
Of fairy isles;

And hail the mystic bird that brings
News from the inner courts of things,
The eternal courier-dove whose wings
Are never furled;
And hear the bubbling of the springs
That feed the world.

You smile at this too soaring strain?

Well, in the smile is no disdain;

And if a more terrestrial vein

Befit my rhyme —

I promise not to soar again,

At least, this time.

And sooth to say, a humbler end

This verse was meant to serve, O friend:

For since to you I may not wend

(Such leagues deter

The else not laggard feet), I send

This messenger;

And bid him tarry not, but flee,

And greet you well where'er you be;

And pray he may not piteously

Faint by the road —

Of good regards for thine and thee

So large his load.

TO ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON

IN that grave shade august

That round your Eton clings,

To you the centuries must

Be visible corporate things,

And the high Past appear

Affably real and near,

For all its grandiose airs, caught from the mien
of Kings.

The new age stands as yet

Half built against the sky,

Open to every threat

Of storms that clamour by:

Scaffolding veils the walls,
And dim dust floats and falls,
As, moving to and fro, their tasks the masons
ply.

But changeless and complete,
Rise unperturbed and vast,
Above our din and heat,
The turrets of the Past,
Mute as that city asleep,
Lulled with enchantments deep,
Far in Arabian dreamland built where all
things last. ||

Who loves not to explore
That palace of Old Time,

Awed by the spires that soar
In ghostly dusk sublime,
And gorgeous-windowed halls,
And leagues of pictured walls,
And dungeons that remember many a crimson
crime?

Yet, in those phantom towers
Not thine, not mine, to dwell,
Rapt from the living hours
By some rich lotus-spell;
And if our lute obey
A mode of yesterday,
'Tis that we deem 'twill prove to-morrow's
mode as well.

This neighbouring joy and woe—

This present sky and sea—

These men and things we know,

Whose touch we would not flee—

To us, O friend, shall long

Yield aliment of song:

Life as I see it lived is great enough for me.

In high relief against

That reverend silence set,

Wherein your days are fenced

From the world's peevish fret,

There breaks on old Earth's ears

The thunder of new years,

Rousing from ancient dreams the Muse's
 anchoret.

Well if the coming time,
With loud and strident tongue,
Hush not the sound of rhyme,
Drown not the song half sung,
Ev'n' as a dissonant age
Choked with polemic rage
The starriest voice that e'er on English ears
hath rung,
And bade her seer awhile
Pause and put by the bard,
Till this tormented isle,
With feuds and factions jarred,
Some leisure might regain
To hear the long-pent strain
Re-risen from storm and fire, immortal and
unmarred.

TO LICINIUS

HORACE, ODES, II., X.

LICINIUS, wouldst thou wisely steer
The pinnacle of thy soul,
Not always trust her without fear
Where deep-sea billows roll;
Nor, to the sheltered beach too near,
Risk shipwreck on the shoal.

Who sees in fortune's golden mean
All his desires comprised,
Midway the cot and court between,
Hath well his life devised;

For riches, hath not envied been,

Nor, for their lack, despised.

Most rocks the pine that soars afar,

When leaves are tempest-whirled.

Direst the crash when turrets are

In dusty ruin hurled.

The thunder loveth best to scar

The bright brows of the world.

The steadfast mind, that to the end

Is fortune's victor still,

Hath yet a fear, though Fate befriend,

A hope, though all seem ill.

Jove can at will the winter send,

Or call the spring at will.

Full oft the darkest day may be

Of morrows bright the sire.

His bow not everlastingly

Apollo bends in ire.

At times the silent Muses he

Wakes with his dulcet lyre

When life's straits roar and hem thee sore,

Be bold; naught else avails.

But when thy canvas swells before

Too proudly prospering gales,

For once be wise with coward's lore,

And timely reef thy sails.

THE FIRST SKYLARK OF SPRING

Two worlds hast thou to dwell in, Sweet, —

The virginal, untroubled sky,

And this vext region at my feet. —

Alas, but one have I !

To all my songs there clings the shade,

The dulling shade, of mundane care.

They amid mortal mists are made, —

Thine, in immortal air.

My heart is dashed with griefs and fears ;

My song comes fluttering, and is gone.

O high above the home of tears,

Eternal Joy, sing on!

Not loftiest bard, of mightiest mind,

Shall ever chant a note so pure,

Till he can cast this earth behind

And breathe in heaven secure.

We sing of Life, with stormy breath

That shakes the lute's distempered string:

We sing of Love, and loveless Death

Takes up the song we sing.

And born in toils of Fate's control,

Insurgent from the womb, we strive

With proud, unmanumitted soul

To burst the golden gyve.

Thy spirit knows nor bounds nor bars ;

On thee no shreds of thraldom hang :

Not more enlarged, the morning stars

Their great *Te Deum* sang.

But I am fettered to the sod,

And but forget my bonds an hour ;

In amplitude of dreams a god,

A slave in dearth of power.

And fruitless knowledge clouds my soul,

And fretful ignorance irks it more.

Thou sing'st as if thou knew'st the whole,

And lightly held'st thy lore !

Somewhat as thou, Man once could sing,

In porches of the lucent morn,

Ere he had felt his lack of wing,

Or cursed his iron bourn.

The springtime bubbled in his throat,

The sweet sky seemed not far above,

And young and lovesome came the note;—

Ah, thine is Youth and Love!

Thou sing'st of what he knew of old,

And dreamlike from afar recalls;

In flashes of forgotten gold

An orient glory falls.

And as he listens, one by one

Life's utmost splendours blaze more nigh;

Less inaccessible the sun,

Less alien grows the sky.

For thou art native to the spheres,
And of the courts of heaven art free,
And carriest to his temporal ears
News from eternity;

And lead'st him to the dizzy verge,
And lur'st him o'er the dazzling line,
Where mortal and immortal merge,
And human dies divine.



2 LAKELAND ONCE MORE *

REGION separate, sacred, of mere, and of ghyll,
and of mountain,

Garrulous, petulant beck, sinister, laughter-
less tarn ;

Haunt of the vagabond feet of my fancy for
ever reverting,

Haunt and home of my heart, Cumbrian
valleys and fells ;

Yours of old was the beauty that rounded my
hours with a nimbus,

Touched my youth with bloom, tender and
magical light ;

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You were my earliest passion, and when shall
my fealty falter?

Ah, when Helvellyn is low! ah, when Wi-
nander is dry!

For had I not dwelt where Nature but prat-
tled familiar language,

Trite the theme and the word, prose of the
hedges and lanes?

Here she spake to my spirit in lofty and
resonant numbers,

Rhythms of epical mood, silences great as
her song.

Time hath scattered his gifts; and Death, he
hath taken his tribute:

East and west have I fared, hitherward,
thitherward blown;

Watched in jewelled midnight the Mediter-
ranean twinkling ;

Watched, from Como's wave, pinnacled sum-
mits on fire ;

Heard the tempest beleaguer the bases of
savage Tantallon ;

Heard the thundering tide crash on Devonian
shores :

And fair and stormy fortune my life's little
pinnacle hath weathered,

Shattering onsets of joy, shocks of calamity,
borne ;

Mine hath been good unstinted, nor niggard
my portion of evil ;

Friendships mine and hates, love and a
whisper of fame :

But ever to you I return, O land in the dusk
of whose portals

Rustles my Past like leaves, memories brush
me as wings,

Meets me my alien phantom, the self that is
dead, that is vanished,

Echoes meet me and dreams, shadows that
sigh and depart ;

And ever, O meres and valleys, an aureole
haunts you of roselight,

Glamour of luminous hours, wraith of my
passion of old,

And the brows of eternal Helvellyn are flushed
with a virginal rapture,

Lit with the glow of my youth, crimsoned
with dawn of my day.

DOMINE, QUO VADIS?

D

DOMINE, QUO VADIS? *

A LEGEND OF THE EARLY CHURCH

DARKENING the azure roof of Nero's world,
From smouldering Rome the smoke of ruin
curled ;

And the fierce populace went clamouring —
'These Christian dogs, 'tis they have done this
thing !'

So to the wild wolf Hate were sacrificed
The panting, huddled flock whose crime was
Christ.

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Now Peter lodged in Rome, and rose each
morn

Looking to be ere night in sunder torn
By those blind hands that with inebriate zeal
Burned the strong Saints, or broke them on
the wheel,

Or flung them to the lions to make mirth
For dames that ruled the lords that ruled the
earth.

And unto him, their towering rocky hold,
Repaired those sheep of the Good Shepherd's
fold

In whose white fleece as yet no blood or foam
Bare witness to the ravening fangs of Rome.
'More light, more cheap,' they cried, 'we hold
our lives

Than chaff the flail or dust the whirlwind drives :
As chaff they are winnowed and as dust are
blown ;

Nay, they are naught ; but priceless is thine
own.

Not in yon streaming shambles must thou die ;
We counsel, we entreat, we charge thee, fly !'
And Peter answered : ' Nay, my place is here ;
Through the dread storm, this ship of Christ I
steer.

Blind is the tempest, deaf the roaring tide,
And I, His pilot, at the helm abide.'

Then one stood forth, the flashing of whose
soul

Enrayed his presence like an aureole.

Eager he spake; his fellows, ere they heard,
Caught from his eyes the swift and leaping
word.

‘Let *us*, His vines, be in the wine-press trod,
And poured a beverage for the lips of God;
Or, ground as wheat of His eternal field,
Bread for His table let our bodies yield.
Behold, the Church hath other use for thee;
Thy safety is her own, and thou must flee.
Ours be the glory at her call to die,
But quick and whole God needs His great ally.’
And Peter said: ‘Do lords of spear and shield
Thus leave their hosts uncaptured on the field,
And from some mount of prospect watch afar
The havoc of the hurricane of war?
Yet, if He wills it. . . . Nay, my task is plain, —

To serve, and to endure, and to remain.
But weak I stand, and I beseech you all
Urge me no more, lest at a touch I fall.'

There knelt a noble youth at Peter's feet,
And like a viol's strings his voice was sweet.
A suppliant angel might have pleaded so,
Crowned with the splendour of some starry woe.
He said : ' My sire and brethren yesterday
The heathen did with ghastly torments slay.
Pain, like a worm, beneath their feet they trod.
Their souls went up like incense unto God.
An offering richer yet, can Heaven require ?
O live, and be my brethren and my sire.'
And Peter answered : ' Son, there is small need
That thou exhort me to the easier deed.

Rather I would that thou and these had lent
Strength to uphold, not shatter, my intent.
Already my resolve is shaken sore.
I pray thee, if thou love me, say no more.'

And even as he spake, he went apart,
Somewhat to hide the brimming of his heart,
Wherein a voice came flitting to and fro,
That now said 'Tarry!' and anon said 'Go!'
And louder every moment, 'Go!' it cried,
And 'Tarry!' to a whisper sank, and died.
And as a leaf when summer is o'erpast
Hangs trembling ere it fall in some chance
blast,
So hung his trembling purpose and fell dead;
And he arose, and hurried forth, and fled,

Darkness conniving, through the Capuan Gate,
From all that heaven of love, that hell of hate,
To the Campania glimmering wide and still,
And strove to think he did his Master's will.

But spectral eyes and mocking tongues pursued,
And with vague hands he fought a phantom brood.

Doubts, like a swarm of gnats, o'erhung his flight,
And 'Lord,' he prayed, 'have I not done aright?

Can I not, living, more avail for Thee
Than whelmed in yon red storm of agony?
The tempest, it shall pass, and I remain,

Not from its fiery sickle saved in vain.
Are there no seeds to sow, no desert lands
/ Waiting the tillage of these eager hands,
That I should beastlike 'neath the butcher fall,
More fruitlessly than oxen from the stall?
Is earth so easeful, is men's hate so sweet,
Are thorns so welcome unto sleepless feet,
Have death and heaven so feeble lures, that I,
Choosing to live, should win rebuke thereby?
Not mine the dread of pain, the lust of bliss!
Master who judgest, have I done amiss?'

Lo, on the darkness brake a wandering ray :
A vision flashed along the Appian Way.
Divinely in the pagan night it shone —
A mournful Face — a Figure hurrying on —

Though haggard and dishevelled, frail and
worn,

A King, of David's lineage, crowned with
thorn.

'Lord, whither farest?' Peter, wondering, cried.

'To Rome,' said Christ, 'to be re-crucified.'

Into the night the vision ebbed like breath;
And Peter turned, and rushed on Rome and
death.

SONNETS, LYRICS,
AND
MISCELLANEOUS PIECES

VITA NUOVA

LONG hath she slept, forgetful of delight :
At last, at last, the enchanted princess, Earth,
Claimed with a kiss by Spring the adventurer,
In slumber knows the destined lips, and
thrilled

Through all the deeps of her unageing heart
With passionate necessity of joy,
Wakens, and yields her loveliness to love.

O ancient streams, O far-descended woods
Full of the fluttering of melodious souls ;
O hills and valleys that adorn yourselves
In solemn jubilation ; winds and clouds,

Ocean and land in stormy nuptials clasped,
And all exuberant creatures that acclaim
The Earth's divine renewal: lo, I too
With yours would mingle somewhat of glad
song.

/ I too have come through wintry terrors, — yea,
Through tempest and through cataclysm of
soul

Have come, and am delivered. Me the Spring,
Me also, dimly with new life hath touched,
And with regenerate hope, the salt of life;
And I would dedicate these thankful tears
To whatsoever Power beneficent, 1
Veiled through his countenance, undivulged
his thought,

Hath led me from the haunted darkness forth

Into the gracious air and vernal morn,
And suffers me to know my spirit a note
Of this great chorus, one with bird and stream
And voiceful mountain, — nay, a string, how
 jarred

And all but broken! of that lyre of life
Whereon himself, the master harp-player,
Resolving all its mortal dissonance
To one immortal and most perfect strain,
Harps without pause, building with song the
 world.

March 18, 1893.

THE FRONTIER *

At the hushed brink of twilight,—when, as
though

Some solemn journeying phantom paused
to lay

An ominous finger on the awestruck day,
Earth holds her breath till that great presence
go, —

A moment comes of visionary glow,

Pendulous 'twixt the gold hour and the
grey,

Lovelier than these, more eloquent than
they

Of memory, foresight, and life's ebb and flow.

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So have I known, in some fair woman's face,
While viewless yet was Time's more gross
 imprint,
The first, faint, hesitant, elusive hint
 Of that invasion of the vandal years
Seem deeper beauty than youth's cloudless
 grace,
Wake subtler dreams, and touch me nigh
 to tears.

SONNET

I THINK the immortal servants of mankind,
Who, from their graves, watch by how slow
degrees
The World-Soul greatens with the centuries,
Mourn most Man's barren levity of mind,
The ear to no grave harmonies inclined,
The witless thirst for false wit's worthless
lees,
The laugh mistimed in tragic presences,
The eye to all majestic meanings blind.

O prophets, martyrs, saviours, *ye* were great,
All truth being great to you: ye deemed
Man more
Than a dull jest, God's ennui to amuse:
The world, for you, held purport: Life ye
wore
Proudly, as Kings their solemn robes of state;
And humbly, as the mightiest monarchs
use.

THE PROTEST

BID me no more to other eyes
 With wandering worship fare,
And weave my numbers garland-wise
 To crown another's hair.
On me no more a mandate lay
Thou wouldst not have me to obey!

Bid me no more to leave unkissed
 That rose-wreathed porch of pearl.
Shall I, where'er the winds may list,
 Give them my life to whirl?

Perchance too late thou wilt be fain
Thy exile to recall—in vain!

Bid me no more from thee depart,
For in thy voice to-day
I hear the tremor of thy heart
Entreating me to stay;
I hear . . . nay, silence tells it best,
O yielded lips, O captive breast!

A STUDY IN CONTRASTS *

I

By cliff and chine, and hollow-nestling wood
Thrilled with the poignant savour of the sea,
All in the crisp light of a wintry morn,
We walked, my friend and I, preceded still
By one whose silken and voluminous suit,
His courtly ruff, snow-pure 'mid golden tan,
His grandly feathered legs slenderly strong,
The broad and flowing billow of his breast,
His delicate ears and superfine long nose,
With that last triumph, his distinguished tail,
In their collective glory spoke his race
The flower of Collie aristocracy.

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Yet, from his traits, how absent that reserve,
That stillness on a base of power, which marks,
In men and mastiffs, the selectly sprung!
For after all, his high-life attributes,
His trick of doing nothing with an air,
His *salon* manners and society smile,
Were but skin-deep, factitious, and you saw
The bustling despot of the mountain flock,
And pastoral dog-of-all-work, underlie
The fashionable modern lady's pet, —
Industrial impulses bereft of scope,
Duty and discipline denied an aim,
Ancestral energy and strenuousness
In graceful trifling frittered all away.
Witness the depth of his concern and zeal
About minutest issues: shall we take

This part or that?—it matters not a straw—
But just a moment unresolved we stand,
And all his personality, from ears
To tip of tail, is interrogative ;
And when from pure indifference we decide,
How he vociferates ! how he bounds ahead !
With what enthusiasm he ratifies,
Applauds, acclaims our choice 'twixt right and
left,
As though some hoary problem over which
The world had puckered immemorial brows,
Were solved at last, and all life launched anew !

These and a thousand tricks and ways and traits
I noted as of Demos at their root,
And foreign to the staid, conservative,

Came-over-with-the-Conqueror type of mind.
And then, his nature, how impressionable,
How quickly moved to Collie mirth or woe,
Elated or dejected at a word!
And how unlike your genuine Vere de Vere's
Frigid, indifferent, half-ignoring glance
At everything outside the sacred pale
Of things De Veres have sanctioned from the
 Flood,
The unwearable curiosity
And universal open-mindedness
Of that all-testing, all-inquisitive nose!

II

So, to my friend's house, back we strolled;
 and there —

We loitering in the garden—from her post
Of purview at a window, languidly
A great Angora watched his Collieship,
And throned in monumental calm, surveyed
His effervescence, volatility,
Clamour on slight occasion, fussiness
Herself immobile, imperturbable,
Like one whose vision seeks the Immanent
Behind these symbols and appearances,
The face within this transitory mask.
And as her eyes with indolent regard
Viewed his upbubbings of ebullient life,
She seemed the Orient Spirit incarnate, lost
In contemplation of the Western Soul!
Ev'n so, methought, the genius of the East,
Reposeful, patient, undemonstrative,

Luxurious, enigmatically sage,
Dispassionately cruel, might look down
On all the fever of the Occident ;—
The brooding mother of the unfilial world,
Recumbent on her own antiquity,
Aloof from our mutations and unrest,
Alien to our achievements and desires,
Too proud alike for protest or assent
When new thoughts thunder at her massy
door ;—

Another brain dreaming another dream,
Another heart recalling other loves,
Too grey and grave for our adventurous hopes,
For our precipitate pleasures too august,
And in majestic taciturnity
Refraining her illimitable scorn.

SONG IN IMITATION OF THE
ELIZABETHANS

SWEETEST sweets that time hath rifled,

Live anew on lyric tongue —

Tresses with which Paris trifled,

Lips to Antony's that clung.

These surrender not their rose,

Nor their golden puissance those.

Vain the envious loam that covers

Her of Egypt, her of Troy:

Helen's, Cleopatra's lovers

Still desire them, still enjoy.

Fate but stole what Song restored:

Vain the aspic, vain the cord.

Idly clanged the sullen portal,

Idly the sepulchral door:

Fame the mighty, Love the immortal,

These than foolish dust are more:

Nor may captive Death refuse

Homage to the conquering Muse.

TO A FRIEND

UNITING ANTIQUARIAN TASTES WITH
PROGRESSIVE POLITICS

TRUE lover of the Past, who dost not scorn
To give good heed to what the Future saith,—
Drinking the air of two worlds at a breath,
Thou livest not alone in thoughts outworn,
But ever helpest the new time be born,
Though with a sigh for the old order's death ;
As clouds that crown the night that perisheth
Aid in the high solemnities of morn.

Guests of the ages, at To-morrow's door

Why shrink we? The long track behind us
lies,

The lamps gleam and the music throbs before,

Bidding us enter: and I count him wise,

Who loves so well Man's noble memories

He needs must love Man's nobler hopes yet
more.

AFTER THE TITANS

ENGLAND, in good Victoria's latter reign,
Two potent councillors by turns have led,
Little alike in build of heart or head,
Yet owning this resemblance, — that the twain
Are visibly of Britain's ancient strain,
Sprung of the lineage of her stalwart dead,
Strong souls and massive, such as England
bred

In the brave day that cometh not again.

To these succeeds another, newer race,

Men light and slight, on narrower scale de-
signed,

Offspring and image of the change we trace

In art, arms, action, manners, morals,
mind, —

The burly oak departing, in its place

The lissom willow, swaying to the wind.

PEACE AND WAR

THE sleek sea, gorged and sated, basking lies;

The cruel creature fawns and blinks and
purrs;

And almost we forget what fangs are hers,

And trust for once her emerald-golden eyes;

Though haply on the morrow she shall rise

And summon her infernal ministers,

And charge her everlasting barriers,

With wild white fingers snatching at the skies.

So, betwixt Peace and War, man's life is cast,

Yet hath he dreamed of perfect Peace at last,

Shepherding all the nations ev'n as sheep.
The inconstant, moody ocean shall as soon,
At the cold dictates of the bloodless moon,
Swear an eternity of halcyon sleep.



THE IDEAL POPULAR LEADER

HE is one who counts no public toil so hard
As idly glittering pleasures ; one controlled
By no mob's haste, nor swayed by gods of
gold ;
Prizing, not courting, all just men's regard ;
With none but Manhood's ancient Order
starred,
Nor crowned with titles less august and old
Than human greatness ; large-brained, limpid-
souled ;
Whom dreams can hurry not, nor doubts
retard ;

Born, nurtured of the People ; living still
The People's life ; and though their noblest
flower,
In nought removed above them, save
alone
In loftier virtue, wisdom, courage, power,
The ampler vision, the serener will,
And the fixed mind, to no light dallying
prone.

TO A LADY RECOVERED FROM A
DANGEROUS SICKNESS

LIFE plucks thee back as by the golden
hair —

Life, who had feigned to let thee go but
now.

Wealthy is Death already, and can spare
Ev'n such a prey as thou.

TO —

FORGET not, brother singer! that though

Prose

Can never be too truthful or too wise,

Song is not Truth, not Wisdom, but the rose

Upon Truth's lips, the light in Wisdom's

eyes.

THE RIVALS

MAN's good and evil angels came to dwell

As housemates, at his board and hearth
alway ;

One, secret as the night, one, frank as day,
Both lovely, and in puissance matched full
well.

Each hourly strove her sleepless foe to quell,
And ever and anon the bright fiend lay
Foiled, and her countenance, racked with
sick dismay,
Changed, and its tyrannous beauty masklike
fell.

Ah, could man's thought for ever fix and stay

That glimpse of horrors he might quake to
tell,

'Twere easy, then, the temptress to repel!

But 'neath the glorious mask and brave array

How shall he know thee, leprous witch of
hell,

Robed to allure and fanged to rend and slay?

A NEW NATIONAL ANTHEM

God save our ancient land,

God bless our noble land,

God save our land!

Yea, from war's pangs and fears,

Plague's tooth and famine's tears,

Ev'n unto latest years,

God save our land!

God bless our reigning race!

Truth, honour, wisdom, grace,

Guide their right hand!

Yet, though we love their sway,
England is more than they :
God bless their realm, we pray,
 God save our land !

Too long the gulf betwixt
This man and that man fixt
 Yawns yet unspanned.
Too long, that some may rest,
Tired millions toil unblest.
God lift our lowliest,
 God save our land !

God save our ancient land,
God bless our noble land,
 God save our land !

Earth's empires wax and wane,

Man's might is mown as grain :

God's arm our arm sustain !

God save our land !

THE SIXTY-FIVE ELEMENTS

*(Written after reading Lord Salisbury's Address at the
British Association)*

MASTER, I marvel not at all, that these
Mock at the wit that would their meaning seize.

A maiden's sigh—the descant of a bird—
Me with triumphant riddles taunt and tease.

I well believe, despite of all he knows,
The wonder of the sweetness of a rose,
The wonder of the wild heart of a song,
Shall shame man's foolish wisdom to the close.

The secrets of the gods are from of old
Guarded for ever and for ever told,—

Blabbed in all ears, but published in a
tongue

Whose purport the gods only can unfold.

A NEW YEAR'S PRAYER

IN the blanched night, when all the world lay
frore,

And the cold moon, the passionless, looked
down

Commiserating man the passion-curst —

Man made in passion and by passion marred —

Through the pale silence, on the New Year's
verge,

This prayer fled forth, and trembled up to
heaven :—

‘O Thou whose dwelling is eternity;
Who seest the hunger and the toil of men,
And how the love of life and wife and babe
Is brother of hate and sire of deeds of death;
Give peace—give peace: peace in our time, O
Lord!

‘But if we needs must march to peace through
war,
Spare not the sowers who amid Thy corn
Mingled the lethal seed of this red flower;
The whirlwind let them reap who sow the wind
Make terrible Thine arm against all thieves
Whether in mart or on imperial throne;
And scatter with Thy thunder the unjust
Who turn thy pleasure to a wilderness

To battlefields Thy vineyard, with mailed feet
Trampling the joyous vine of life in blood.

‘Purge and renew this England, once so fair,
When Arthur’s knights were armed with
nobleness,

Or Alfred’s wisdom poised the sacred scales;
Yea, and in later times, when Liberty,
Her crowned and crosiered enemies combating,
Stood proudlier ’stablished by a false king’s fall,
Mighty from Milton’s pen and Cromwell’s sword,
Terribly beauteous, passionately just,
Scared with hell’s hate, and in her scars
divine.’

New Year's Eve, 1892.

FRANCE

JUNE 25, 1894*

LIGHT-HEARTED heroine of tragic story!

Nation whom storm on storm of ruining
fate

Unruined leaves, — nay, fairer, more elate,
Hungrier for action, more athirst for glory!

World-witching queen, from fiery floods and
gory

Rising eternally regenerate,

* The day after the murder of Carnot.

Clothed with great deeds and crowned with
dreams more great

Spacious as Fancy's boundless territory!

Little thou lov'st our island, and perchance
Thou heed'st as little her reluctant praise ;
Yet let her, in these dark and bodeful days,
Sinking old hatreds 'neath the sundering
brine,

Immortal and indomitable France,

Marry her tears, her alien tears, to thine.

THE SOVEREIGN POET

HE sits above the clang and dust of Time,
With the world's secret trembling on his lip.
He asks not converse nor companionship
In the cold starlight where thou canst not
climb.

The undelivered tidings in his breast
Suffer him not to rest.
He sees afar the immemorable throng,
And binds the scattered ages with a song.

The glorious riddle of his rhythmic breath,
His might, his spell, we know not what they be :
We only feel, whate'er he uttereth,
This savours not of death,
This hath a relish of eternity.

MALIGN BEAUTY

A FACE like morning, with a heart of night !

Not though in deserts fanged with death
thou roam,

Or couch 'mid monsters of the ooze and
foam,

Shalt thou be blasted with so dread a sight

As when a soul whose errand is to blight

And shatter, makes a glorious body its home,

Foul tenant of a stately palace-dome,

Imperial towers, and gardens of delight.

Look through her windows ! See, — a pilgrim
guest

Is feasted by the bounteous châtelaine.

Fledged are the hours with wine and song
and jest.

The morrow cometh. Shall he rise and hie

Forth on his way ? He grasps his staff in
vain,

In her deep dungeons flung, to rot and die.

TO ONE WHO HAD WRITTEN IN
DERISION OF THE BELIEF IN
IMMORTALITY

DISMISS not so, with light, hard phrase and
cold,

Ev'n if it be but fond imagining,

The hope whereto so passionately cling

The dreaming generations from of old!

Not thus, to luckless men, are tidings told

Of mistress lost, or riches taken wing;

And is eternity a slighter thing,

To have or lose, than kisses or than gold?

Nay, tenderly, if needs thou must, disprove
My loftiest fancy, dash my grand desire
To see this curtain lift, these clouds retire,
And Truth, a boundless dayspring, blaze above
And round me; and to ask of my dead sire
His pardon for each word that wronged his love.

-

CHRISTMAS DAY

THE morn broke bright: the thronging people
wore

Their best; but in the general face I saw
No touch of veneration or of awe.

Christ's natal day? 'Twas merely one day
more

On which the mart agreed to close its door;
A lounging-time by usage and by law
Sanctioned; nor recked they, beyond this,
one straw

Of any meaning which for man it bore!

Fated among time's fallen leaves to stray,

We breathe an air that savours of the tomb,
Heavy with dissolution and decay ;

Waiting till some new world-emotion rise,

And with the shattering might of the
simoom

Sweep clean this dying Past that never dies.

THE WORLD IN ARMOUR

I

UNDER this shade of crimson wings abhorred
That never wholly leaves the sky serene,—
While Vengeance sleeps a sleep so light,
between

Dominions that acclaim Thee overlord,—
Sadly the blast of Thy tremendous word,
Whate'er its mystic purport may have been,
Echoes across the ages, Nazarene :
Not to bring peace Mine errand, but a sword.

For lo, Thy world uprises and lies down
In armour, and its Peace is War, in all

Save the great death that weaves War's dreadful
crown ;

War unennobled by heroic pain,

War where none triumph, none sublimely
fall,

War that sits smiling, with the eyes of Cain.

II

WHEN London's Plague, that day by day en-
rolled

His thousands dead, nor deigned his rage
to abate

Till grass was green in silent Bishopsgate,
Had come and passed like thunder, — still,
'tis told,

The monster, driven to earth, in hovels old
And haunts obscure, though dormant, lin-
gered late,

Till the dread Fire, one roaring wave of fate,
Rose, and swept clean his last retreat and hold.

In Europe live the dregs of Plague to-day,
Dregs of full many an ancient Plague and
dire,
Old wrongs, old lies of ages blind and
cruel.
What if alone the world-war's worldwide
fire
Can purge the ambushed pestilence away?
Yet woe to him that idly lights the fuel!

III

A MOMENT'S fantasy, the vision came

Of Europe dipped in fiery death, and so

Mounting reborn, with vestal limbs aglow,

Splendid and fragrant from her bath of flame.

It fled; and a phantom without name,

Sightless, dismembered, terrible, said: 'Lo,

I am that ravished Europe men shall know

After the morn of blood and night of shame.'

The spectre passed, and I beheld alone

The Europe of the present, as she stands,

Powerless from terror of her own vast
power,

'Neath novel stars, beside a brink unknown ;

And round her the sad Kings, with sleepless
hands,

Piling the faggots, hour by doomful hour.

TO AUBREY DE VERE

POET, whose grave and strenuous lyre is still
For Truth and Duty strung; whose art
eschews

The lighter graces of the softer Muse,
Disdainful of mere craftsman's idle skill:
Yours is a soul from visionary hill

Watching and harkening for ethereal news,
Looking beyond life's storms and death's
cold dews

To habitations of the eternal will.

Not mine your mystic creed ; not mine, in
prayer

And worship, at the ensanguined Cross to
kneel ;

But when I mark your faith how pure and fair,
How based on love, on passion for man's
weal,

My mind, half envying what it cannot share,
Reveres the reverence which it cannot feel.

WRITTEN IN A COPY OF
MR. STEVENSON'S 'CATRIONA'

GLORIOUS Sir Walter, Shakespeare's brother-
brain,

Fortune's invincible victor-victim, Scott,
Mere lettered fame, 'tis said, esteeming not,
Save as it ministered to weightier gain,
Had yet his roseate dream, though dreamed in
vain ;

The dream, that, crowning his terrestrial lot,
A race of great and splendid heirs, begot
Of his own loins, o'er Abbotsford should reign.

Fate spurned his wish, but promised, in amends,

One mighty scion of his heart and mind:

And where far isles the languid ocean

fleck,—

Flying the cold kiss of our northern wind,—

Lo the rare spirit through whom we hail as

friends

The immortal Highland maid and Alan

Breck!



TELL ME NOT NOW

TELL me not now, if love for love
Thou canst return,—
Now while around us and above
Day's flambeaux burn.
Not in clear noon, with speech as clear,
Thy heart avow,
For every gossip wind to hear;
Tell me not now!

Tell me not now the tidings sweet,
The news divine;

A little longer at thy feet

Leave me to pine.

I would not have the gadding bird

Hear from his bough;

Nay, though I famish for a word,

Tell me not now!

But when deep trances of delight

All Nature seal,

When round the world the arms of Night

Caressing steal,

When rose to dreaming rose says, '*Dear,*

Dearest,' — and when

Heaven sighs her secret in earth's ear,

Ah, tell me then!



NIGHT ON CURBAR EDGE *

No echo of man's life pursues my ears;
Nothing disputes this Desolation's reign;
Change comes not, this dread temple to
profane
Where time by æons reckons, not by years.
Its patient form one crag, sole stranded, rears,
Type of whate'er is destined to remain
While yon still host encamped on night's
waste plain
Keeps armed watch, a million quivering spears.

* Copyright, 1894, by Macmillan & Co.

Hushed are the wild and wing'd lives of the
moor;

The sleeping sheep nestle 'neath ruined wall,
Or unhewn stones in random concourse
hurled:

Solitude, sleepless, listens at Fate's door;

And there is built and 'stablisht over all

(Tremendous silence, older than the world.)

THE SAINT AND THE SATYR¹ *

SAINT ANTHONY the eremite

He wandered in the wold,
And there he saw a hoofèd wight
That blew his hands for cold.

‘What dost thou here in misery,
That better far wert dead?’

The eremite Saint Anthony
Unto the Satyr said.

¹ Mediæval legend.

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‘Lorn in the wold,’ the thing replied,

‘I sit and make my moan,

For all the gods I loved have died,

And I am left alone.

‘Silent in Paphos Venus sleeps,

And Jove on Ida mute ;

And every living creature weeps

Pan and his perished flute.

‘The Faun, his laughing heart is broke,

The nymph, her fountain fails ;

And driven from out the hollow oak

The Hamadryad wails.

‘A God more beautiful than mine
Hath conquered mine, they say. —
Ah, to that fair young God of thine,
For me I pray thee pray!’

LINES WRITTEN IN RICHMOND
PARK *

LADY, were you but here!
The Autumn flames away,
And pensive in the antlered shade I stray.
The Autumn flames away, his end is near.
I linger where deposed and fall'n he lies,
Prankt in his last poor tattered braveries,
And think what brightness would enhance the
 Day,
Lady, were you but here.
Though hushed the woodlands, though sedate
 the skies,

* Copyright, 1894, by Macmillan & Co.

Though dank the leaves and sere,
The storèd sunlight in your hair and eyes
Would vernalise
November, and renew the agèd year,
Lady! were you but here.

A RIDDLE OF THE THAMES*

AT windows that from Westminster

Look southward to the Lollard's Tower,
She sat, my lovely friend. A blur

Of gilded mist,—('twas morn's first hour),—
Made vague the world: and in the gleam
Shivered the half-awakened stream.

Through tinted vapour looming large,
Ambiguous shapes obscurely rode.

She gazed where many a laden barge

Like some dim-moving saurian showed.
And 'midst them, lo! two swans appeared,
And proudly up the river steered.

* Copyright, 1894, by Macmillan & Co.

Two stately swans! What did they there?

Whence came they? Whither would they
go?

Think of them, — things so faultless fair, —

'Mid the black shipping down below!

On through the rose and gold they passed,

And melted in the morn at last.

Ah, can it be, that they had come

Where Thames in sullied glory flows,

Fugitive rebels, tired of some

Secluded lake's ornate repose,

Eager to taste the life that pours

Its muddier wave 'twixt mightier shores?

We ne'er shall know: our wonderment

No barren certitude shall mar.

They left behind them, as they went,

A dream than knowledge ampler far;

And from our world they sailed away

Into some visionary day.

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